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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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A Peril to Organized Labor

It was for moral support by organized labor that Mr. Gompers issued his appeal in the rail strike. Far more important is it for union leaders to seek the moral support of the country at large. There is a grave peril to all organized labor in the events of the strike, and Mr. Gompers should have the vision to see it.

That peril lies in the continued acts of violence and damage that are reported. Thus far few lives have been lost. There have been many narrow escapes, great inconvenience, much hardship. In the desertion of trains in the desert there was a willful disregard of human life and welfare that testified to a dangerous spirit and an utter blindness to public rights. That was the avowed act of union men. Since then there has been one act after another by persons unknown of increasing peril to human life. The attempted dynamiting of a bridge has been followed by the derailment of a train. "Deliberate homicide" was the verdict of the coroner's jury upon this latter crime that wrecked a Michigan Central express near Gary, Ind.

Not one word has been uttered publicly by a union leader in reproof of these acts. To the direct contrary, the "Big Four" leaders used language which distinctly condoned the desertion of trains. The grave responsibility resting upon Mr. Gompers and the other leaders of organized labor is clear. Whether the acts of violence are being committed by outlaws or by union workers, the duty of union leaders to denounce such acts and insist that they cease cannot be escaped.

At any hour, if these crimes continue, there may come an accident which will shock the conscience of the American people. It is impossible to foresee what horrors or loss of life there may be, and it is equally impossible to guess how far and for what length of time such an abomination would set public sentiment against those nearly and remotely responsible. But the peril is clear. The people of America cannot be scared into surrender by any threat of danger. Their sympathies can be alienated from a cause by a willful and wholesale disregard of life. The facts and the danger are before Mr. Gompers for action.

Newberry's Unforgiven Sin

In the summer of 1918 the patriotic voters of Michigan were in a grievous plight. Henry Ford, of peace ship fame, the state's richest man and largest employer of labor, proposed to go to the Senate.

The country was at war and Michigan had no mind to be advertised in Germany as a state of broken morale. Appeal was made to Truman H. Newberry to become a candidate. He was in uniform. So were his two sons. Mr. Newberry when much urged consented, but said he, of course, could make no personal campaign while in the navy.

Patriotic men of Michigan took on the business of averting the Ford peril. They raised and spent large sums in holding meetings, in advertising and in other legitimate forms of political education. It does not take long to spend $192,000 when every voter must be appealed to. Even as it was, Mr. Ford was defeated by only a small majority.

No convincing evidence has ever been adduced showing that Senator Newberry had anything to do with the campaign fund. He was absent from the state. He heard the noise at home, but continued to attend to his military duties.

The defeated pacifists, angered by the khaki campaign, attacked him for bribery and corruption. But the trial court threw out these charges. He was convicted on the narrow technicality that he had knowledge of expenditures which exceeded the statutory limit. The late Chief Justice White, who reviewed the case, was a Democrat, but went out of his way to give Senator Newberry a certificate of innocence and to exculpate the trial court.

Secretary Hughes, who as one of the lawyers for the defense has intimate knowledge of every phase of the case, has done the public a service by doing justice to Senator Newberry. Too long has the voice of mere clamor been heard. A mean spirit of partisanship has too much secured the ear of those lacking the time to examine the facts. Persistent, grave wrong has been done to a fellow man. It is not solicitude for the purity of primaries that keeps the slander active. The unforgiven sin of Senator Newberry is that he appeared as a candidate of the patriotic when the then President had decreed that Henry Ford should sit in the Senate.

A Just Punishment

Something more than a mere error of medical judgment was involved in the conduct of Dr. Benjamin Stoller that caused his discharge from the interne staff of Flower Hospital. By his attitude toward the sick woman whom he refused to take to the hospital, as well as by his curt reply to his critics, he showed a complete misconception of his duties as ambulance surgeon and demonstrated his unfitness for that responsible post.

There should be and there need be no opportunity for an error of judgment to cause such cruelty and hardship. In every doubtful case the ambulance surgeon should err on the side of humanity. No other rule is tolerable. No other practice would be followed by a doctor properly equipped for the job. The ambulance makes the most human of all contacts between our great charities and suffering men, women and children. Charge of an ambulance calls for human understanding and good will as well as medical training.

The punishment of Dr. Stoller is severe, but the good of the service demanded nothing less. The Board of Ambulance Service and the executive committee of Flower Hospital are to be commended for their prompt action.

Inflating Mine Wages

The proposal of the mine workers that the anthracite wage scale as of April 1 last shall be continued until April 1, 1924, is unwise and unfair. If carried out it will continue the artificial inflation of coal prices during a period when all other prices are going through a natural readjustment, and it will place the anthracite mine workers in a class even more favored than their brethren in the bituminous industry.

The adjustment in the bituminous industry is virtually a victory for the miners. The very fact that the old wage scale is to be maintained until April 1, 1923, is sufficient proof. That this was inevitable, however, was apparent when both sides were so long unable to agree. The excuse for the continuation of such a scale is that time is needed while the commission decides upon the new scale to be effective next year.

There is no reason, however, why such a scale cannot be settled within the next six months. If this can be done in the bituminous industry, with its many complex variations in producing and in working conditions, it certainly can be done in the anthracite idustry, which is largely localized and is better organized than the bituminous.

All of this is doubtless clear to Mr. Lewis. It is, of course, his duty to further the interests of the workers. But he must surely know that the time is long past for making unreasonable demands. The new wage scale should be negotiated as soon as possible. To delay putting it into effect until 1924 is to make the home-cooking and home-heating consumers pay for placing the anthracite coal workers on a favored wage scale.

The Pension Bogey

The threat of some of the bonus supporters that if the McCumber bill is not passed the old pension system will be resorted to should not be taken too seriously. While there is nothing legally to prevent shouldering the country with vast pension charges, it is difficult to imagine that any serious efforts to do so will be made.

One of the main purposes of the war risk insurance act was to forestall the creation of a pension system. With this idea in mind three principal provisions were made. The first was in the nature of a family allowance during the war. The enlisted man with a dependent family had to contribute not more than 50 per cent of his pay to his family. To this sum the government added $15 a month for a wife, $25 for a wife and one child, and increasing sums up to $50 for larger families.

The second provision was in the form of compensation for injury or death during the war. This varied from $30 to $100 a month, in accordance with the nature of the injury, or from $20 to $75 in case of death. The third provision was for life insurance, which the government offered at minimum rates.

It was felt at the time that this system would render pensions unnecessary. Nothing has since arisen to alter this opinion.

To raise the pension bogey, therefore, in an attempt to force the passage of the bonus bill is misleading. Not even the bonus advocates want a pension system. They are fully aware of its evils. In fact, they look upon the bonus not as a form of pension but as adjusted compensation for services inadequately paid. The immediate question before the country is not whether a bonus is cheaper than pensions but whether or not a bonus should be paid. It does not by any means follow that if not paid pensions either will or should be substituted for it.

The Plattsburg Idea

Mr. Harding's wish that the number of young men attending the military training camps may be increased from 28,000 to 100,000 a year will be shared by all who have at heart the best interests of the country.

America's policy of a small regular army is in part a tradition and in part a result of the general lack of interest in questions of national defense. It is so easy to feel that with no powerful enemies close at hand we are safe behind the wall of the navy that there is a tendency to forget the lessons of the recent war. Few persons yet have a clear perception of the cost to the nation of unpreparedness, and few realize that had it not been for the Plattsburg movement this cost would have been immeasurably greater.

A small army is not sufficient protection for the United States to-day. If war comes again we may not have stanch allies to hold off the enemy as we raise and train a fighting machine. So complicated is this machine nowadays that in order to be effective it must have training before it goes into action. Unless many young men are given the rudiments of this training there will not be even the framework of such a machine when the emergency comes.

The President has already given the Plattsburg movement his hearty approval. But if his hope that the number of young men attending these camps shall be raised to a hundred thousand a year is to be realized it will be necessary for Congress henceforth to appropriate sufficient funds to pay for training them. This year, as well as last, many applicants had to be turned away on account of insufficient appropriations to care for them. With the active support of the Administration Congress may well be persuaded to be more liberal.

The Prisoner's Family

Adequate wages for prisoners in industrialized prisons is urged by the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs as the most important measure now pending in prison reform. Not the prisoner but the prisoner's wife and children pay the heaviest penalty for his crimes. The protection of society demands that the offender against the law shall be put where he can do no further damage. Accordingly, he is deprived of his liberty and relieved of responsibility to his family. If his family is dependent upon his earnings, then the wife must shoulder the responsibility, with such public and private aid as she can get. Only the charity organizations know to what extent the struggling mother and innocent children have to pay for the public's protection.

The public conscience has been greatly stirred of late years to a certain duty toward misguided offenders against peace and safety. So much so that criticism has been directed to the so-called coddling of prisoners. Reformers are accused of bending backward in their efforts to make up for the loss of liberty found necessary in punishment of crime. But the worst coddling of all, perhaps, is the deliberate lifting of responsibility for the support of the convict's family. Not only is he shut away from any opportunity to repeat his offenses, but he is excused from his obligations as well.

The federation suggests that a prisoner be paid a wage equal to the full value of his labor, less the cost of his keep, as the proper way to provide for his dependents. This is not only fair to the prisoner's family and to the public, but should go a long way to build up a weakened morale in the prisoner himself.

That Golden Mean

Immoderate in years, Mr. John A. Stewart, facing his 100th birthday, puts in a striking plea for moderation in everything else. He who would live out his century must tread the middle of the road, adhere ever to that temperateness which was first formulated nearly 2,500 years ago in Greece. Tobacco he rules out altogether, therein departing from his theory of moderation in favor of an extreme. But that is a detail. This clear thinking, very much alive centenarian seems a genuine example of the faith that he advocates.

It is never an inspiring battle cry, this golden mean talk. Right or wrong, it is much more exciting to take a chance and go slamming off in the pursuit of one ideal or another. Critics of moderation paint hateful pictures of the temperate as pale, juiceless creatures mincing down a monotonous highway into the grayest of futures. We can hear some youthful dasher-off of novels cry, "Why, such a one has never lived!"—italicizing the last word in scornful despair at such obtuse old-fogyism.

Yet the Greeks were beyond question a colorful people. Even their statues and friezes were painted, it is now known, and our conception of their art as a thing of cold, white marble needs much revision. As was their art so was their life. They were the most sociable people that ever lived, always foregathering for talk or exercise or debate. That they lived, and lived richly, seems hard to contest. And they invented moderation, though meaning by it something more vivid than that particular word connotes. "Nothing in excess" was their negative statement of the truth; it was supplemented by a word that the translators despair of turning into English, yielding something of temperateness and discretion but more rounded and inspiring than either.

Perhaps we can get the right lesson out of Mr. Stewart's moderation if we salt it with the Greek zest for life and beauty and insist that a well-rounded life is the goal rather than a rigid, goose-step down the middle of the road. If you do anything to extravagance you damage your development in other directions. That is why moderation is necessary to a complete life. But if you interpret moderation as the doing of everything gently and half-heartedly you never get a chance to develop at all; you will become a dull and leaden thing, anything but golden. A hundred or a thousand years of such living would do no good to anybody, least of all yourself.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The Cellar Stairs

The cellar stairs, the cellar stairs—
They led to a mysterious land,
Where peaches, damson plums and pears
Were laid in darkened closets—canned.
How proud was grandma of the store,
The fruits of many a busy day!
How carefully she locked the door
Where they were neatly laid away!
A child, I crept with furtive stealth
To gaze upon that hidden wealth.

The cellar stairs of later years—
By only chosen friends traversed
Who came to seek the cup that cheers
To quench a very ardent thirst!
With key in hand I led the way
And saw in each expectant face
A soft anticipation play
As I produced the hoarded case.
Those bottles hidden there below
Were all the wealth I had to show.

To-day once more the cellar stairs
On summer evenings I descend
When I am moved to put on airs
Or vaunt myself before a friend.
The empty case has fled away,
There is no private flowing bowl,
But with a flourish I display
About a half a ton of coal.
And, till that last half ton gives out,
I'll still have wealth to brag about!

Limiting Opportunity

All Ohio statesmen are solidly against any extension of the Presidential term.

The Only Trouble

Germany's word is as good as her bond, but her bonds aren't worth anything.

No Doubt About It Here

Shelley was living in Italy when he put the "if" in "If Winter Comes."

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

General Wood's Return

(From The Washington Star)

In a special dispatch to "The Star" from Manila a statement was made on the authority of General Wood that, contrary to report, he does not purpose returning home at an early day, but will continue in his present office "so long as he feels that his presence is essential to the success of his program."

The time is appropriate, however, to refer again to the fine and patriotic spirit which actuated General Wood in his acceptance of the Philippine billet, and to the equally fine spirit that actuated the University of Pennsylvania in accommodating its affairs to his Philippine engagements. He went at a personal sacrifice in response to a call to public duty, and the university for the same reason assented to his departure. And for the same reason it awaits the fulfillment of his Philippine mission.

The program General Wood will leave behind for the archipelago when he embarks for home covers four years. It is to be assumed, therefore, that his successor in the Governor Generalship when he takes charge will steer by the Wood chart, and that the Filipino politicians who have been agitating for immediate independence for the islands will govern themselves accordingly.

America has not either in letter or spirit broken any promise made at the time it assumed direction and control of Philippine affairs, and will not be doing so by remaining in such direction and control, as seems likely, for some years to come. The flag in the islands flies for progress and opportunity, and is not coming down until the time is right and ripe.

The Safest Line

(From The Memphis Commercial Appeal)

The New York bandits ignored the traditional "dead line" established by the police and committed an $18,000 robbery in Manhattan. There would be fewer robberies in New York if the inside surface of the prison wall was the only established dead line for bandits.

The Tower

THE JERSEY OPEN ROAD

EMANCIPATE from doors and walls,
We follow where the brown road calls,
And mark, resplendent on the hills,
"Try Dr. Guffey's Liver Pills."

The sky is blue; the wind is sweet;
The dust is soft beneath our feet;
The sun a veil of gold has thrown
On "Sniffen's Cure for Kidney Stone."

The dreaming oaks their shadows shed
O'er "Wimpers' Tires; the Knobbly Tread."
And wreaths of honeysuckle vine
Embrace the "Cookoo Cooler" sign.

Through dusky woods and verdant meads
We follow where the highway leads,
And tramp along in high elation—
"Five Miles to Blop's Ford Service Station."

The wind accompanies our quest—
"Turn Here for Simpkin's Auto Rest"—
Folk hail us from a roadside cot:
"Hot dogs; a dime here! Get 'em hot!"

The breezes stir the dead leaves up
And eke the battered paper cup;
The glinting sunbeams spark and spin
From dewy grass and sardine tin.

From sign to sign along the way
Must we progress the livelong day?
Eureka! See, there heaves in sight:
"Gump's Taxi Service; Day and Night."

The cost of candy is bound to be increased by the contemplated tariff on sugar, gloom-mongers say. Somehow we can't believe this danger is immediate. Most of the candy store proprietors have not even discovered that the war is over, so far.

The tariff will also increase the price of sodas, we suppose. The alternative of making the glasses any smaller is no longer open unless some one invents a more flexible ice cream.

The courts of America are to decide whether Ireland is a free state, but their chance of convincing more than 50 per cent of the inhabitants thereof, either one way or the other, seems too small to consider.

O. A. P.'s candidate for excessive advertising honesty is the proprietor of the Palace Garden in Hoboken, who proclaims in The Hudson Observer:

"The increased demand for the Palace Garden . . . for dances, banquets, dinners, suppers for the coming fall is partly due to the fact that other similar places are no longer available for this purpose."

CAUTION

I love to hear your sparkling line;
Your bon mots strike a happy chord.
Your eyes glow with the lure of wine;
Alone with you I'm never bored.
Your wondrous hair is black as jet;
Emotions boil when you I view,
And make me swear I've never met
A single girl as sweet as you.

Yet I have never breathed a word;
I've never told you of my dreams.
To keep my secret I've preferred,
Although a silly stunt it seems.
And yet I think it's more discreet—
Your husband, dear, is six feet two—
If I keep silent till I meet
A single girl as sweet as you.

J. PHILIP STACK.

"Two," Theis spends a postage stamp to announce with some bitterness, "can live more cheaply than one—they have to."

The temperature of the star Capella, astronomers have determined, is 10,000 degrees. We refuse to be impressed, however, until we learn whether this mark was registered at street level or on the roof where the Weather Bureau hangs out.

Five persons, all roped together in the accepted mountain climbing fashion, have plunged 500 feet into an Alpine abyss and have escaped unhurt. Personally, we have never favored this sausage link system of peak scaling. We have never believed that the fear of falling would be lessened to any appreciable extent by the knowledge that, anyhow, you'd have company all the way down.

And we can't be convinced that the conversation of his unwilling fellow projectiles would do much to cheer up the last minutes of the unfortunate whose foot slipped. His companions would probably spend the interval between departing from the cliff's edge and arriving at oblivion in thinking up dirty cracks concerning his clumsiness.

GIFTS

Were I a beach comber,
I'd salvage strange flotsam. . . .

Seashells, white and iris-blue,
Fragile shapes of sundown hue;
Velvet stones, bedewed with spray;
Fringing coral, crimson, gay.

Seaweeds lush in festoons green,
Wet from waves of opal sheen;
Amber glass, a lustrous gem
From some Nereid's diadem.

Would you scorn such gifts as these?
Bid me search for China teas;
A chest of silk, a teakwood spar;
Perfumed gums from Kandahar?

ACACIA.

Those who keep clamoring for a reform administration are hereby invited to look at what Civic Virtue has done to City Hall Park in a few brief months.

A coroner's jury has determined that the thirty-seven missing spikes responsible for the railway wreck at Gary had been withdrawn deliberately by somebody, thus acquitting the spikes of the charge of having staged an unauthorized walk-out.

Spend Two Weeks Thinking Up Another

Sir: It's tough for your stuff to land on the Saturday you leave for your vacation and then when you show it to the bunch on your return its timeliness is gone. LAURENCE.

The first frost of the season has visited Sullivan County.

Hail, the Eskimo dog days!

F. F. V.

DUNNO: MAYBE THEY WON'T BE GOIN' FUR ENOUGH TO DO 'EM MUCH GOOD

In the Wake of the Albatross

By Glenn H. Curtiss

(The comments of Mr. Curtiss on the motorless airplane are of special interest, since he was one of the pioneer American experimenters in this field, in which he is still most active. He is chairman of the executive committee of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation and a member of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce of America.)

The astounding success of the German Heutzen in remaining aloft in a motorless airplane for two hours and ten seconds opens the door to a new phase in aeronautical development.

This achievement may be regarded as a direct result of the restrictions in aviation imposed on Germany by the terms of the Versailles treaty. Necessity is ever the mother of invention, and when the vanquished were told by the victors that aerial experimentation could be carried on only with low-powered aircraft the inevitable impetus was given to gliding and soaring flight.

Early Gliders

At the beginning of the twentieth century many inventors in various parts of the world were building and trying out gliders. It was the needful preface to motor-driven flight. In 1907 we constructed and flew several gliders of flimsy fabric and wood construction. Shoving off from the 300-foot hills in the vicinity of Hammondsport, N. Y., we glided safely and successfully for some seconds. Our gliders were equipped with one elevator simply and had but little inherent stability. We were then chiefly interested—as were most of our contemporaries—in solving the problem of control. At that early date this was accomplished often by shifting the body.

The development and application of the internal combustion engine to air navigation turned the attention of engineers to speed, and this interest was intensified by the World War, with a consequent improvement in mobility of all types. Speed, since the ending of the war, has lost none of its attraction for us, as well as for the other Allied nations, and in the United States, England, France and Italy splendid advances have been made in overcoming resistance and inertia.

But the Germans, having been denied the privilege of working out their ideas along the lines of great size and swiftness, set about the less spectacular but very significant problem of designing low-speed, high-lift aircraft. Experimentation along this line has been going on since 1919, though the flights last year in the Rhone Valley were the first public demonstrations. The Germans, unhampered as we were twenty years ago by imperfect control and possessing practical knowledge which no one had at that time, began immediately with a great advantage. But even so, their success is a challenge to the rest of the world.

Out of gliding and soaring flight we can learn how to build lighter, more efficient airplanes, and, having built them, to utilize natural air currents to the consequent saving of artificial motive power. The wind tunnel, in which scale models of airplanes are tested, performs admirable service, but nothing can equal practical, full-size trials.

We are now at a stage in aeronautics in which the buzzard and the albatross appear prominently. The buzzard is a magnificent soarer. In flat country, where the buzzard is most frequently found, air rises from the surface of the earth in waves and sometimes in spirals. Frequently I have watched a buzzard, with marvelous instinct, seek and find "lodgment" in one of these spirals and thus be literally lifted out of sight.

Nature's Model

Over the water the albatross is king of the air. He is superior even to the buzzard. The buzzard is comparatively lightly loaded, sometimes only one-half pound to each square foot of wing surface. The albatross has a wing loading of more than three pounds a square foot.

The German and French experiments have been confined to hilly areas. I believe that the greater field lies over the water. The albatross with little effort takes off from the crest of a wave and rides the winds for hours. If we can learn the secret of the albatross's instinct we too can soar at will over the surface of the sea.

The Germans have very appropriately called their gliders "sail planes." Gliding or soaring is simply aerial sailboating in three dimensions. In marine navigation we have developed many types of craft and methods of operation. In the air we have a broader opportunity. By lessening our speed and increasing our load we cheapen air transportation and make it more generally available. Air sailing in three dimensions is certain to be a great sport—especially over the water. It may be that "pedal planes" will supplement sailing for sport, but for practical commercial air transport we shall apply low powered engines to the results of our gliding and soaring.

A Sea-Going Sail Plane

The Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation has made gratifying progress in speed, being the holders of the world record of 176.7 miles an hour as made in competition. It is constantly experimenting, however, along other lines and has just completed a biplane flying boat glider which we propose to try out on Great South Bay within a fortnight.

Our desire is ultimately to emulate the albatross—so to maneuver the motorless glider that it will take off from the surface of the sea. I believe it can be done. At first we shall try launching from the deck of a speed boat or by towing. Our glider is constructed of wood, duralumin and silk. Its dimensions are: Weight (empty), 10 pounds; loaded (one man), 210 pounds; span, 28 feet; chord, 60 inches; gap, 54 inches. Length over all, 22 feet 11 inches; wing area, 267.5 square feet; hull, 13 feet 2¾ inches long, 30-inch beam. The hull is made of duralumin. The glider is designed to fly at twenty miles an hour.

General Patrick and Admiral Moffett, of the army and navy air services respectively, are watching these experiments with a view to military application.

My earnest hope is that America can shortly hold an international gliding and soaring competition.

Germany Must Pay

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In the settlement with Germany justice must be satisfied by reparation, not only to the nations injured on land, wherein many of the neutrals also have ample ground for compensation, but the German must also make good to the peoples he has wronged all that he has done upon the seas that is lawless and inhuman.

All ships sunk in defiance of international law must now be paid for or replaced, and every passenger, every member of the crew killed or injured, must be paid for by Germany.

Likewise for every man and woman torn from home and sent into slavery into Germany indemnity must be asked and given—the girls and women from Lille, the young men from Belgium and Poland.

Following indemnities for persons full restoration must be made of all destroyed property in the invaded territory, dwellings, public buildings, mines, factories, highways and fields.

There also can be no doubt that Germany's allies, Bulgaria and Turkey, must be held to account for their misdeeds.

We must turn deaf ears to this whine of "Kamerad!" Let the Germans (to quote Scripture) "Agree with thy adversary quickly . . . lest . . . thou be cast into prison . . . thou shalt not come out hence till thou has paid the uttermost farthing."

E. STILES ELY.

Lyme, Conn., Aug. 19, 1922.

Strikers Who Win, but Lose

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There are thousands of strikes every year for increased pay and reduced hours, and no increased pay or reduced hours secured by strikes ever benefited labor, but rather injured it.

Labor's per diem is not paid out of a secret gold mine or out of past accumulations of capital, as seems to be assumed, but is paid out of labor's present and future per diem production, and just as surely as labor's per diem production cost is increased or per diem production output reduced by reduced working hours labor's consumption cost or budgetary expenses are correspondingly increased. There is no escape from this.

STEWART BROWNE.

New York, Aug. 21, 1922.

Money to Burn

(From The Boston Transcript)

If we must find a substitute for coal why not invest a little real money in a cargo of Russian rubles?

A Solemn Greeley Memento

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I have been reading with great delight the letters of your correspondents. I am moved to add a small contribution of my own, hoping it may be of interest. It is a description of the card of admission to the funeral of Horace Greeley.

The inscription on the finely lozenged face is the quotation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," surrounded by a wide black border. On the reverse side is printed:

"Obsequies of Horace Greeley at the Church of the Divine Paternity, corner Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, on Wednesday, December 4, 1872, at 11 o'clock a. m. Church committee: J. Y. Hoyt, A. A. Peterson, C. P. Huntington, Charles L. Stickney, W. L. Cooper, George Hoffman, D. D. S. Marshall. Tribune committee: Samuel Sinclair, Whitelaw Reid, J. F. Cleveland. Admit bearer—Gallery."

Across the face of this is written in fast fading ink the name of J. T. Hoyt.

I wonder how many of these cards are in existence to-day, and how many of the committee, and how many of those who attended the funeral services. FRANCIS W. WATSON.

Flemington, N. J., Aug. 18, 1922.